

THE BRIDGE.

"What is his bridge to heaven?" they cried.
 And the warriors held their breath,
 As the grizzled king of a hundred fights
 Went down to the river of death.

"What is his bridge to heaven?" they cried,
 "Is it bastioned with buckles and spears,
 And girdled strong with the iron blades
 Of the battles of bygone years?"

"And what are the voices he hears in his dreams?
 Are they the clamors of fight,
 Or the echoes of splendid victories that come
 As he stands by the river at night?"

"Nay, nay," and they stand by in wonder
 And awe,
 For all that he builds on there
 Are withered blossoms, a baby's shoe
 And the lock of a woman's hair.

And the only voice he hears in his dreams,
 As the world dies out in his ears,
 Are an old love-hallat, a baby's laugh,
 And the sob of a dead wife's tears.
 —Pearson's Magazine.

A School Girl Heroine.

MISS Jean Nelson had a very queenly bearing. Not that she really thought herself made of any better clay than the other members of the human family, but she was sometimes given that credit. Often had she been censured on that account by those who did not understand her. Oh! the agonies of being misunderstood! But to those who knew her, she was cordially itself, and every girl in the dormitory worshipped at her shrine. Jean was exceedingly pretty. In fact, she was very beautiful. Her nose was as straight as Venus' own. A Cupid's bow for a month, about whose corners a smile so often played. Her chin wore a mischievous dimple in it, and her eyes—words fail! The wondrous wealth of hair that crowned her high forehead might have rivaled that of Apollo. She was hardly fair enough to be called fair, nor yet dark enough to be called dark. After all, the charm



"WHY ATTEMPT TO TELL WHAT HE SAID?"

of that face lay not so much in its simple beauty as in the sympathy for mankind that shone out of its eyes.

"Here at last," Jean gasped, as she fairly ran up the walk leading to the girl's dormitory at Harper's University. Inside the door she dropped grip and wraps, and started up the stairs with a bound. "Everything looks just as natural. Why, they have a new stair carpet! I wonder if any of the other girls are here yet?"

Suddenly her attention was attracted by the sight of a carriage at the entrance. Scarcely had it stopped before a head appeared, which proved to be that of a very flighty young woman. Catching sight of the group at the window, she ran up the walk, waving her umbrella about her head in windmill motions (very uncouth in a young lady), leaving her purse and box of candy behind her in the carriage, which necessitated her going back after them. Jean ran down to meet her, grasping the chubby form in her widespread arms. Oh! the thousands of kisses that are wasted in that second week of September, not to mention the extravagance of affection displayed at the leave-takings in June.

"You dear old girl! I was so afraid you would not come until to-morrow. When is Anna coming? This afternoon? We'll just go over to the train and surprise her. There are two poor little girls up in room 43, who are frightfully homesick. We must do all we can to keep them amused until they get used to things here. Julia, stand off. Let me look at you. Why, you're just the same dear girl you always were," which was flatly contradicted. "No, I'm not. I've lost three pounds. I only weigh 162 now. Here, have some of my candy. It's the good kind, just as if to her every kind were not good. Slowly up the stairs the two girls went, chatting like magpies. They were so different, yet who can account for friendship?"

One day in January, the girls were assembled in one of the rooms greatly excited over two important reports—namely, the rumor of smallpox in the town, and the certainty of a German fest which was to come off next day. The president had that morning in chapel insisted that all students be vaccinated immediately, and the German professor had said, "Ye will haf von best ober die endire pook, and enyody

who can not make forty percent will haf to tudor. Did you understand?" They were indulging in a very heated discussion, a good deal being said on both sides, when some one said, "Girls, wouldn't it be just perfectly awful if smallpox should break out in this dormitory? When my aunt was in college—" she was interrupted by a girl tossing her book in the air, contemptuously crying, "Smallpox, nonsense! I say, have you forgotten all about that German? The very idea of giving a fest over the whole book! I positively never heard of such presumption. No, not in Israel. Haben, hatte, gehat, kommen, kam, ge-ge-gefiddle-sticks! who cares, anyhow? Say, do any of you happen to have any candy about your person?" Either they had become so unused to hearing this question from her, or they did not wish to commit themselves, for she received no answer. Nothing daunted, she proceeded. "When I get rich, I'm going to live in a college town and run a candy store, and give candy to the students, especially the girls. People who live in college towns don't half appreciate what a comfort they might be to students in just such little ways as that."

They were all laughing heartily, when Alice Thompson came into the room with a dejected look on her face, and a German book in her hand (the two usually go in pairs), inquiring for Jean, saying: "I've got a German story here about a cow, and I can't get head or tail to it. Is Jean here?" One of the girls spoke up, saying: "No, she's not. She's up on the third floor helping Julia Mitchell make up the work she missed when she sprained her ankle. I'm sorry I can't help you. Alas! Ich spreche nicht Deutsch meself already gehoben sein, but you better guess Jean can. She took the gold medal in Dutch last year, you know. I don't blame George Lockwood for adoring her. My, but that pearl she wears is a beauty! And she's got clothes to match it. I don't see what would become of Kate Lennox if it were not for Jean. Jean can treat her nicely without being afraid of losing caste, and that is more than some of the rest of us can do. By the way, Kate is out of school to-day."

The next day the excitement ran still higher when it was rumored that Kate had a fever. The girls were sure that it was smallpox, and all kept their distance, leaving poor, unpopular Kate to lie hours alone in her little bare room. They all protested and threw up their hands in horror when Jean declared her intention of going right up to Kate's room with a glass of lemonade. As Jean entered the room, Kate rose up and gratefully said, "I just knew you would come, I am so thirsty."

Later a physician was called. And sure enough it was smallpox. The physician advised that Kate be moved from the dormitory as quickly and with as little confusion as possible. She was taken to a forlorn little cabin a mile down the river, and Jean, poor girl, went with her. This was the only thing she could do, now that she had been exposed to the dread disease.

Two months, and Jean was in school again. Changed, oh, so changed. Her once beautiful face was pitted and scarred, but she still had the same queenly bearing. As she was sitting in her artistic room after her first day at school, her elbow resting on the table and her head leaning against her hand on which the pearl still shone like a crystallized tear, a feeling of utter dejection and sadness came over her as she realized that she would never be beautiful again and perhaps George Lockwood might not care for her now, although he had been as attentive as he possibly could be during her illness. The unbidden tears were creeping slowly down her face, when a tap was heard upon the door. Sam, the colored boy, handed her a card, which bore the name, "George Lockwood."

She went down to the reception room with a feeling of dread, mingled with gloomy forebodings. As she entered the room and George came forward to meet her, she instinctively drew back, in a way entirely unlike her former frank self. And she said, slowly, hesitatingly, with downcast eyes: "George I have changed since you gave me this ring. Now I think it only just and right that I return it." George Lockwood was a born orator, but there never was more eloquence or more earnestness in his voice than when—but why attempt to tell what he said? Suffice to say that the ring was replaced and Jean never again had occasion to remove it.

Shirt Waists in Africa.
 Helen Caddick, one of the few white women who have ventured into the heart of Africa, has recently written about her trip from Zambesi to the great lakes—a trip for pleasure. The cotton blouses or waists which she wore were washed and "ironed" by her native "boy," and the process was extraordinary. The laundryman first spread a mat on the ground. Next the clothes to be "ironed" were placed on it and smoothed out as well as possible. Then, placing a towel or some large cloth over the garment, he rubbed his feet back and forth over it until he thought it was smooth enough.

Cromwell's Pocket Bible.
 There is a good collection of Bibles in the National Museum at Washington, and among others one of Cromwell's pocket Bibles, which he gave to every soldier in his army, with instructions to carry it in a pocket made especially for that purpose in the waistcoat over the heart.

Every bride imagines that her photograph on her husband's office desk impresses him to keep onward and upward, like the boy in "Excelsior."

THE ASHANTEES AND THEIR KING.

Against These Superstitious Africans England Has Been Waging War for Twenty-six Years.

WHILE interest has been centered in England's war in South Africa and page after page of war history has been made and published only occasional scraps have come to us of the trouble England is engaged in with Ashantee land, where for twenty-six years Great Britain has been engaged in war.

The King of Ashantee, who is Great Britain's implacable foe, is the most extraordinary monarch in the world. He is picturesque, powerful and a merciless despot. Twenty-six years ago England sent out an expedition at a cost of \$4,000,000 to bring the King of Ashantee to terms, and since then it has cost \$34,000,000 more.

few hundred of his subjects beheaded. It was to put a stop to this that England made war on the King of Ashantee in the seventies. There was fighting again in 1895, and again in 1896. Now there are indications of more trouble. Still the King of Ashantee goes on with his barbarous practices, killing whenever he pleases and ruling with absolute power. His subjects love him because he is of their royal blood, and fear him because of his cruelty. But they will allow no other country to interfere with their affairs, if they can help it.

When, in 1874, England sent an expedition against King Koffee, the predecessor of King Prempeh, Sir Garnet



THE ROYAL COURT OF THE KING OF ASHANTEE.

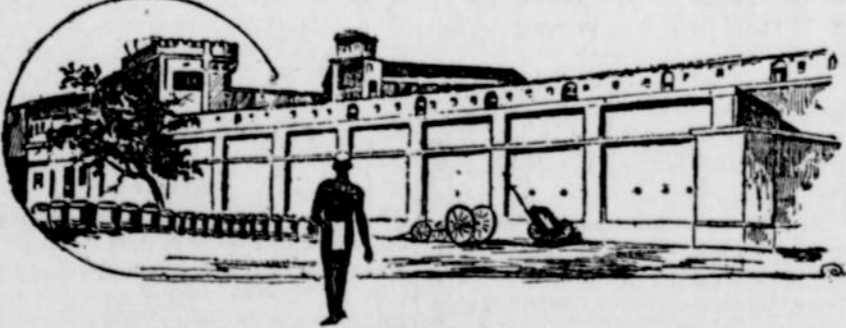
This King lives in the interior of Africa, several hundred miles from the Gold Coast, on the western shore. He wears a girdle of dried grass around his loins, and a "plug" hat. Where he got this hat nobody knows, but it is his only crown. He has no throne, but instead he has a stool of solid gold, which four slaves carry around for him wherever he goes. Upon this he sits and gives his orders. They are all verbal, but often they mean either life or death.

The King's name is Prempeh, and he is the absolute monarch of more than 3,000,000 savages. His emblem of authority is a giant umbrella. The spokes are of embossed gold, and on the end of each spoke is a human skull. This

Wolsey was at the head of it. He burned the King's capital, Coomassie, and forced him to agree to certain conditions, among others that he would abolish the practice of human sacrifices, but these arguments neither Koffee nor Prempeh has carried out. The consequence has been frequent trouble ever since Great Britain has undertaken the task of civilizing these black-skinned and untutored savages.

The fact that the country of Ashantee is exceedingly rich in gold, and that France controls the neighboring country of Dahomey, may have something to do with England's solicitude for the people of Ashantee and their comic opera King.

There is probably no other savage



BRITISH FORT IN THE CITY OF COOMASSIE.

emblem has descended to him through a long line of ancestry.

King Prempeh has exactly 3,333 wives. Why this number should have been decided upon he does not know. Like several other things they came to him by inheritance. He takes them for granted.

The kingdom of Ashantee is rich in gold, and Prempeh is many times a millionaire. He wears earrings of solid gold. All of his personal adornments are of gold. He owns the only house in his kingdom. It is a rude structure of stone. His Royal Highness sleeps on the floor.

King Prempeh is a bloodthirsty ruler, and is in the habit of making human sacrifices. This is one of the practices which England desires him to stop, for whenever his gods are displeased he seeks to propitiate them by having a

race who are capable of putting up such a stiff fight as are the people of Ashantee, for they are born warriors and love their country with a savage kind of patriotism. Besides, they would not dare refuse to fight. Refusal would mean not only disgrace, but instant death. The power of this picturesque monarch is unquestioned. Should the Czar of all the Russias even think of doing what King Prempeh does and thinks nothing of doing, there would be a vacancy at the Winter Palace. The Sultan of Turkey is a novice in tyranny as compared with the black King of Ashantee. If his breakfast does not happen to agree with him, the cook is liable to lose her head, literally. If one of his subjects should even happen to look at one of his wives, the said subject would be conducted by a subordinate to some shady grove or to

the rear of the woodshed—and he would never return. Should any of his warriors refuse to fight—well, there is no telling where the gore-shedding proclivities of the monarch with the plug hat would stop!

Whenever a King of Ashantee dies a guard of 2,000 of his subjects are slaughtered to conduct him to the other world. It is said that as many as 10,000 people have been slain on such occasions.

Every time there is a national festival there are human sacrifices. In fact, blood letting seems to be one of the principal occupations of royalty in Ashantee.

Back of the town of Coomassie there is a place called by travelers the Grove of Skulls, where the bones of victims are thrown. Here is what Henry Stanley said of it when, in 1874, as a war correspondent, he accompanied the expedition of Sir Garnet Wolsey: "As we drew near the foul smells . . . became suffocating. It was almost impossible to stop longer than to take a general view of this great Golgotha. We saw thirty or forty decapitated bodies and countless skulls, which lay piled in heaps and scattered over a wide extent. The stoutest heart and most stoical mind might have been appalled."

Several officers of the expedition, although it remained in Coomassie only two days, visited this Grove of Skulls, and subsequently described it as surpassing in horror anything to be seen in the world.

The King of Ashantee is opposed to progress. He does not want any roads in his domain. When the English cut their way inland from the gold coast they left a fine road behind them. With several pistols pointed at his head, the King agreed to keep this road in repair and not allow it to be overgrown, but he knew that the rainy season was at hand and that the English would have to hurry back to the coast. The road was never touched.

The system of human sacrifices practiced in Ashantee is founded on a wild idea of filial duty, for it is believed that the rank of dead relatives in the next world will be measured by the number of descendants sent after them from this. There are two periods, called "The Great Adal" and "The Little Adal," succeeding each other at intervals of eighteen and twenty-four days after the death of some member of the royal house, at which human victims are immolated to a monstrous extent.

On the Great Adal the King visits the graves of the royal dead at Bantama, where their skeletons, held together by links of gold, sit in grim mockery of state.

Secured Her Hired Man.
 "We ministers have many strange experiences in performing the marriage ceremony," said the Rev. W. F. Sheridan, of Pontiac, Mich., in the Pittsburg Dispatch. "One of the most curious in my experience occurred not long ago. A large and heavy woman, accompanied by a comparatively small and meek-looking man, had come in and asked to be married. Everything was regular and the ceremony was performed. After it was over the bride explained her position.

"You see, Mr. Sheridan," she said, "farm hands are mighty hard to get in this part of the country and they are even harder to keep. You get a good hired man and get him well broke in to work around the farm and the first thing you know he quits the job and goes off to town or somewhere else. Last spring I had a first-class hand, about as good as I ever expect to get, but just when the season got right busy he up and quit me.

"I just made up my mind that I wasn't going to be left in the same fix this summer, so here we are."

"The bridegroom in the case simply stood and smiled meekly. He had nothing at all to say."

His Beginning.
 Years ago there was a cold night in the latter part of December at Brattleboro, Vt. There had been many freezing nights there before, but on this one something happened.

A young man, Larkin G. Mead, attracted by the beauty of the great white stillness, went out-of-doors, and slowly, yet with much delight, modeled a figure which, in his mind, stood for the Recording Angel writing down the events of the year just dead. All night the statue grew, and the sculptor threw on water at intervals, to freeze it into hardness. He was alone and happy.

The next morning the neighbors awoke to find the snow angel, pen in hand, recording their history upon a snowy scroll.

Local history says that this bit of work decided the future of the young man who did it. He resolved to become a sculptor, and went abroad to study. Well known as his work afterward became, perhaps he took no such pleasure in it as in that little bit of modeling under the cold Vermont sky.

The Japs' Hot Bath.
 Among Japanese a daily hot bath is the rule. When people are too poor to have a bath in their own houses they patronize the public baths.

SCENE OF MANY DARK CRIMES.

South Dakota Island Where Several Tragedies Have Been Enacted.

A large wooded island in the Missouri River, near the Lyman County line, South Dakota, that has been the scene of many bloody deeds during the last three-quarters of a century, is about to be converted to the use of civilized man by having a large sawmill erected upon it. In early days it was known to the whites as "Dark Island." The history of this name is not definitely known, but it is thought by old settlers that it may have acquired the name from the fact either that it is heavily wooded, and, therefore, dark and gloomy as compared with the open plains on either side of the river, or, more probably, that it was the scene of many a dark deed. For nearly twenty years preceding 1890 its only occupant was a man by the name of Frank Phelps, a man around whose history there clustered many doubtful acts. Since the beginning of his occupancy it has been known as Phelps Island.

It was on this island that two Jesuit missionaries lost their lives in 1845. They had come out to work among the Indians, and crossed over to the island to consult White Eagle, a powerful Sioux chief who lived there. This was the last seen of them. Some years afterward the Indians of this tribe used to display two white men's skulls with long black hair, and it is thought they were taken from the two Frenchmen. A few years afterward a party of emigrants found this a convenient place to cross the Missouri, but nothing was ever heard of them after they reached the island.

In 1863, at the time when the federal government was converting the Rosebud Indian reservation into organized counties, Phelps occupied the island. At this time Mot Matson, a Swede, who lived on the west bank of the river, directly opposite Phelps' shanty, was murdered in front of his own door. Henry Schroeder, who was at that time employed by Phelps in cutting wood for the steamboats, was accused of the crime. He was arrested and confessed his part in the murder, but implicated Phelps as the instigator of the crime. Schroeder is now serving the seventh year of a life sentence in the State penitentiary at Sioux Falls.

Phelps was arrested, and in the long trial that followed spent all that he was worth, including the island, in trying to secure his freedom. He was found guilty, however, and was sentenced to life imprisonment. He appealed his case to the Supreme Court, and on the very day on which the opinion of that court was handed down affirming the decision of the lower court he suddenly died in his cell in the jail at Alexandria.

Many other dark deeds have been connected with the island, but it has recently passed into the possession of a company that has commenced the erection of a sawmill for the purpose of cutting the timber and clearing the land and putting it under cultivation. Much interest is manifested in this work as it goes on, for it is thought that, in cutting down the giant trees and in clearing off the land, where so many dark deeds have been committed, evidence will appear that will throw light upon many mysteries which surround the spot.—Minneapolis Journal.

MISTAKES IN FLAG-RAISING.

"Old Glory" Must Go to the Top Every Time and All Else Below.

It isn't everybody who knows how to throw the American colors to the breeze, says a writer in the Philadelphia Record. Flag raising are everyday occurrences, but there are few people among those in charge, be they ever so patriotic, who are cognizant of the fact that Old Glory tops everything in the American possessions, and must never go below under any circumstances. At many of the flag raisings there are pennants unfolded on the same poles, and generally the mistake of placing the pennant at the top, over the flag, is made. This is very irritating to the regular navy men, who regard such an act in their ranks as deserving of dismissal. A number of the officers stationed at League Island navy yard have time and again had the flag given its proper place on poles in various parts of the city, especially over schoolhouses downtown. On Decoration day there was a flag raising over the Matthew W. Baldwin School, 16th and Porter streets, and the pennant, which contained the school name, was placed at the top of the pole. Word came from League Island that the country's colors should be put at the top, and the error was immediately corrected. Recently the same mistake was made at National Park, on the Delaware River. The irritating sight was seen from League Island, and a messenger was dispatched in a boat to have the positions of the flag and pennant reversed.

It Was Cain's J.

"Do you—do you remember who killed Abel?" asked the old man in the street car of the man on his right.

"Why, Cain, of course," was the reply. "Who did you think it was?"

"Waal, darn my hide, if I hadn't made a fool of myself. It wasn't ten minits ago that I bet a man \$2 to \$1 that it was Gollab, and now I'll hev to go barefud all summer to make it up. Yes, sir, it was Cain, and Gollab wasn't in it, and Samson wasn't born and Q. V. Jones, which is me, ought to be hit with the same club that Abel was!"—Washington Post.

After the Old Lady Again.

"I hear your mother-in-law has facial paralysis. What caused it?"

"She went to a photographer's and tried to look pleasant."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

An architect says the largest room in the world is the room for improvement.

EVOLUTION OF JOHN CHINAMAN.

